MELTDOWN

Travis Scott

Yeah
Tensions is definitely rising
T'd up right now
T time, T time
T time, T time, T time

Teatime like I got a cup of this shit
Tee time like golf at a quarter to six
I'd love to fuck on a regular bitch
Famous hoes lame but they stay on my dick
Heard your new joint, it's embarrassing, shit
You talk to the cops on some therapist shit
You act like you love this American shit
But, really, the truth is you scared of the 6
Yeah, you scared of the 6
Yeah, you scared of the 6
Your bodyguard put in some work on a fluke
Now you wanna go and inherit that shit
Don't talk to the boy 'bout comparisons, shit
Or come to the boy on some arrogant shit
The weapons we got are some terrorist shit
Like TV producers we, grr, we airing this shit
She askin' for bread for her parents and shit
I told her, "I don't got no cash"
And she said she gon' wait on a rack, on some Arabic shit
I pull out a million and stare at the shit
My dick just got hard 'cause a wire just hit
My schedule is out, come spin us, for real
Man, fuck all that spinnin' the narrative shit
I melt down the chains that I bought from yo' boss
Give a fuck about all of that heritage shit
Since V not around, the members done hung up the Louis
They not even wearing that shit
Don't come to the boy 'bout repairing some shit
Don't come to the boy about sparing some shit
You lucky that Vogue was suing
'Cause I would've been with the Wassas in Paris and shit

I-I—

Is you fuckin' crazy? Is you fuckin' crazy? (Ah)
And they scared of the seven (Seven)
After one-three then we turn up eleven (Yeah)
Keep this shit open like 7-Eleven (It's lit)
Me at the house, I got seven in heaven
They think I'm satanic, I keep me a reverend
And shawty a therapist, poppin' her shit
She inching my way and she started confessing
I know what's at stake, I'm screamin', "Free Jeffrey"
Connect collect calls right off of the celly
Gave her the blues, not talkin' 'bout belly
Don't keep it sincere, I go Makaveli
I got the juice, now it's heavy (Juice)
Always on t-time, been ready (T, ah), yeah
Is you fucking crazy? Is you f— (Yeah, stoned, let's go)
Wrappin' the cheese, wrap around me 'cause I've got property (Wrap, cheese, wrap)

Chocolate AP and chocolate the Vs (Vs), got the Willy Wonka factory (Vs)
Burn a athlete like it's calories, find another flame hot as me, bitch

(Ooh)

Yeah, is you fucking crazy? (Nah)
Is you fucking crazy? (What?)
Is you fucking crazy? (Nah, nah)
Is you fucking crazy? Uh
Is you fucking crazy? Uh
Is you fuckin'—
Is you fuckin'—
Is you fucking crazy?

I met these Texas boys and ran it up a couple, maybe (Couple, maybe)
Swanging in the pickup truck, baby, fuck Mercedes (Fuck Mercedes)
I'll fuck a nigga bitch but she can't have the baby (Have the baby)
I'll shoot your ass in Walmart like I'm DaBaby (In Walmart)
Your boy going Lionel Messi, I go Tom Brady (Woo)
Used to wear the bust down back in my old days (Woo)
Now I let the chains hang, you gotta tuck yours maybe (Tuck it, tuck it)
Niggas talkin' Scarface, I'm that in real life (Ooh)
Is you fucking crazy or what? Is you fucking crazy? (Fuckin' crazy)
Man, the club ain't been the same since we lost Mercedes (Straight up)
Man, the clique ain't been the same since they lost the greatest (Nah, nah, nah)
We outside with the army, so you need the—, uh-uh
Them boys rollin' all brown like they whippin' gravy
Make a circus outside like it's Barnum's Bailey (It's lit)
Blickey hanging on my side, it's like it's really banging (Blickey, blickey, blickey)
She move her panties to the side, she want it raw when faded (Huh? Huh? Huh? Huh?)

Is you fucking crazy?
Is you fucking crazy?
Is you fucking crazy or what?
Is you fucking crazy? Uh
Is you fucking crazy or what?
Is you fuckin'—
Is you fuckin'—
Is you fucking crazy?

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